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THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

My boy, my boy is far away,
I think about him night and day,
And far across the wide, wide sea,
My boy, I know, still thinks of me.

Ah, me! when will his ship come home,
White sails across the winter foam!
God knows—who hears a mother's prayer—
What anguish mother's heart can bear.

But when my boy comes home again,
I shall forget these months of pain,
God only knows with what keen joy
A mother's heart will greet her boy.

When winds are rough and skies are grey,
His name is in the prayers I say;
And when the sky is blue and clear,
Oh, how I wish that he were here!

IN COUNTRY PLACES.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Have you ever held meetings in the school-houses about town, in the various districts?" asked Parson French, who had left his large village church for a few days while he went out into the country to help his friend and classmate, John Webb, who was pastor of the little church there, and who was now taking his very welcome visitor for a drive over the rather rough but picturesque township.

"No, I made up my mind there would be little use in it," said the pastor. "If people wanted to attend religious services they would come to church. There is nothing to hinder them and they very well know they are always welcome."

"Nothing to hinder them, only their minds have not been turned in that direction. Do the majority of the people living in these dwelling houses we are passing attend your church?"

"Oh, by no means."

"Then why not call at the houses and invite them to come up to the extra meeting we are to hold?"

"It would do no good. They would not stir a step. They are crusted over with a lazy indifference as to religious matters; in fact, they are rather inimical to our little church and its handful of worshippers."

"Very well, but here is a school-house. Let us call at the dwellings as we go along and tell the folks that a service of one hour will be held every afternoon in their school-house, and ask them to kindly encourage us with their presence."

"All right, but it will be seed sown in stony places indeed," with an expressive nod towards the masses of stones and boulders by the road side and in the adjoining fields. "Stony hearts, stony, hard working land in this my poor little parish! I don't know but I should settle down myself into the same indifference were I in the place of one of these hard-working, discontented farmers."

"I appreciate the situation, I assure you, but rather let us call it sowing seed by the wayside, and we will have faith that some time it will take root in some heart."

"Brother French is determined to hold services every afternoon in the Brush Hill school-house," confided pastor Webb to his wife," and we shall have to start early and carry kindlings

"My Boy, I Know, Still Thinks For Me."

and make the fire ourselves, I have no doubt."

"I'm very glad. I will get a basket of kindlings ready, and I will go with you, if I can get Mrs. Oldershaw to stay with the children."

"Oh, you need not trouble to go, dear. The meeting won't amount to anything, any way," but the bright-faced, warm-hearted little woman thought differently, and as soon as the two ministerial brethren started off in the buggy she put on her ulster, ran across to her near neighbor and told her the situation of affairs.

"To be sure, I will care for the children," said the pleasant old lady. "I am greatly interested in that school district. I was born there, and I have often wished the old fashion of holding school-house meetings in our town would come round again. I could give you quite a long list of names of boys and young men, farmers' sons, who received their first impressions for good in that old school-house, and who are now pillars in the large churches of our neighboring villages and cities. Yes, go right along. This is my appointed way, even in doing this trivial office, in helping on the precious cause. The walk in this bracing air will do you good and on your way ask my niece, Martha Swan, to go with you."

This last suggestion was acted on, and the two women, fresh and rosy from their walk, astonished the few Brush Hill people who had gathered, as well as the two ministers, by walking in upon them just as the service began.

The two pastors and the two devoted sisters sang and prayed and talked, and after the formal meeting was over, chatted pleasantly with everybody and personally asked them to come to church and Sunday-school.

"I used to go to meeting and to Sunday-school when I was a child," said a bright, handsome young woman, whom neither pastor Webb nor his wife had ever seen before, although they had been settled in town over a year, "but since my husband bought this farm I have never been out anywhere much. There is a good deal for me to attend to, and I am not much acquainted—and the fact is we don't seem to get started to go to church on Sundays. I know we ought to go for the sake of the children, if nothing more."

Every afternoon through the week the woman was present at the meeting and deeply interested, and at the last service, on the Saturday afternoon, she expressed, in a very modest, touching manner, her determination to enter upon a higher plane of life, in accordance with the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"What do you think our minister has been doing?" whispered one of the members of Pastor Webb's church to a friend while warming her feet at the register as the last bell was ringing on Sunday morning. "He has been holding meetings at Brush Hill!"

"The idea! What good will it do? He'd a great deal better stay at home and mind his immediate affairs. I thought he didn't believe in that kind of work."

"That minister friend of his put him up to it, that was out here from —— and stayed a week—Oh, who is that? What a pretty woman, and what nice-looking children! They must be visitors in town."

Presently Pastor Webb went over and spoke to them and immediately introduced them to the two sisters who had been holding the whispered converse.

"What, you live on the Carey farm? We didn't know there was a family there. It is a long, cold ride for you to come up here to church."

"Oh, we are not cold. We walked. We thought if the minister's wife could walk down there to the meetings, we could come to church just as well. It is no farther one way than the other," with a pleasant smile.

"In all probability she won't come again," said one of the two women to the other, as they separated to take their respective seats.

But from that time on she, with her children, became a regular attendant at church, both in fine weather and in foul weather. She united with the church and was most faithful in every line of duty. A good opportunity offering, the farm was rented and the family moved to a factory village in the township. The woman is at the head of the large, tidy boarding-house, the young people are all fond of her, and her influence on them is most wholesome. The congregations attending the religious services held in the hall on Sunday mornings, the groups of Sunday-school children in attendance in the afternoon, and the company who gather at the weekly prayer-meeting have been augmented not a little through her salutary example as a Christian worker and her cheerful, winsome ways in her large, well-ordered home.

Thus one of the good seeds sown by that country wayside has sprung up and continues its beneficent growth, bearing precious fruit.

Is not this one way of solving the reiterated topic at our stated public religious gatherings, "What is to become of our weak country churches?"—devoted work on the part of those who are set over them, as well as faithful co-operation of members of the little flocks. Has the old-time country pastor, oftentimes the peer of his contemporary in the pulpit and with the pen disappeared forever?—*Standard.*

LAYING ASIDE A WEIGHT.

BY A. RAY LOVETT.

Three or four years ago, I was teacher of a Sunday-school class of young women, between twenty-five and thirty years of age. The class had been mine for several years. Changes had, of course, crept in. Many of my girls had married and left the city, until only six or seven members were left.

Difficulties arose, and the care of this class became an intolerable burden. I dreaded Sunday on its account. In vain I endeavored, by harder study, by calls, and by arranging for social meetings, to create an enthusiasm that would lift the weight, but all in vain. Can any teacher understand how I longed for an excuse to give up such a care?

Finally, I went to the superintendent, and, without entering into particulars, I asked him to relieve me of the responsibility.

"I will take any other class in the Sunday-school. I will do anything you may suggest. I'll go out into the streets and gather in the children; only let me change, and relieve this pressure."

But the superintendent shook his head.

"No, I'm not willing to do it. I can't do it. Keep them yourself. I don't know what your trouble is, but I don't want to make any change."

I went home in dismay. It actually seemed to me that I would go away out of the city. I would take some means to avoid this strain that had become unendurable.

The next Sunday afternoon, after another session without any heart or enjoyment in it, there came the thought, as if it had been a new one, that Christ had promised to give us rest in our labor,—not from it, but in it.

I laid the whole case before our heavenly Father, and with it left the responsibility to Christ, and made the claim that henceforth it should not be my class, even in my own thought; it should become his, and I would only be his servant in it.

There was an actual giving up, as much as if another teacher had been substituted.

And now followed a blessed experience,—my burden was gone. In place of the weight and the care came a sense of freedom and ease.

When I went into the class on the next Sunday, I took it with the assurance that they were not mine to be troubled about; they all belonged to Christ. In a few months came a new member,—a young mother, who spoke with joy of the help she found there. The difficulties smoothed away of themselves, and finally vanished altogether. The class filled up until eighteen names stood upon our list. They seemed to be drawn together in love and fellowship. Mothers who could not come to church frequently came in for a little while, and asked for the practical thought to take home with them through the week.

Oh! the joy of that actual help I cannot express—not my care any more, but Christ's. Prayer for his guidance brought the certainty of an answer; and in place of an indifference to those whom it had not been easy to love, came a warm outpouring of affection.

Christ meant exactly what he said: "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden." We are not able to carry loads. Our work is poor enough at its best, but keep the brow smooth and the spirit light; for Christ holds infinite strength.

The reality of his presence in your class, his spirit in your heart, will make the teaching such a pleasure that you will actually look forward through the week to that hour. Don't carry a burden.—*Sunday School Times.*

ENGLISH SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The English idea of a Sunday-school differs somewhat from the American idea. The former gives emphasis to mission work, and the school itself seems fitted for interesting and teaching the neglected little ones, rather than the children coming from Christian households. We are in the lead however, because we have schools for both classes, and very often children of both classes are found in the same school. But the English have set us an example in religious enterprise, by establishing many Sunday-schools for adults. Presbyterians have a hand in the movement, and it bids fair to become a very considerable agency in evangelical work. The adults who are sought for, as regular attendants on Sunday-schools, are men and women who are not positively irreligious, and yet who profess no personal interest in religion. These people will not go to church on Sunday; but they will join a school in which Bible reading, copying texts and informal talks about the duties of life are regular exercises. They do not want to be "preached at," but they are willing to make a beginning in the line of religious observance, under the leadership of tactful, warm-hearted laymen. The beginning having been made, the leaders and teachers look to God's grace, and his blessing on the progressive system of instruction, to bring about the complete transformation of the scholars—these children of a larger growth. Why not such schools here?—*Interior.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.—APRIL 12, 1891.

THE GOOD AND EVIL IN JEHU.

2 King 10:18-31.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 26-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Sam. 16:7.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 9:1-7.—Jehu Anointed King.
T. 2 Kings 9:14-26.—Jehoram Slain.
W. 2 Kings 9:30-37.—Jezebel Slain.
Th. 2 Kings 10:1-14.—Sons of Ahab Slain.
F. 2 Kings 10:15-31.—Good and Evil in Jehu.
S. 1 Sam. 16:1-13.—The Lord Looketh on the Heart.
S. Jer. 10:1-16.—False Gods Shall Perish.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jehu's Plot Against Baal. vs. 18-23.
II. Jehu's Destruction of Baal. vs. 21-28.
III. Jehu's Disloyalty to Jehovah. vs. 29-31.

TIME.—B.C. 884; Jehu king of Israel; Athaliah, daughter of Ahab, usurper, queen of Judah; Hazael king of Syria.

PLACE.—Samaria, the capital of Israel.

OPENING WORDS.

When Elijah was in Horeb, the Lord commanded him to anoint Jehu king over Israel. 1 Kings 19:16, 17. Elisha executed the command given to his predecessor through one of the children of the prophets. 2 Kings 9:1-10. Jehu was immediately declared king, Jehoram and Jezebel were slain, and the family of Ahab was cut off, as the Lord commanded. Our lesson records the final act in this work of vengeance.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 18. *Jehu shall serve him much*—a lie told to deceive the priests of Baal and get them into his power. He had been commanded to cut off the worshippers of Baal, but not with the weapons of deceit. Rom. 3:8. V. 21. *House of Baal*—the temple of Baal in the city of Samaria. 1 Kings 16:32. V. 22. *Vestments*—robes worn by the worshippers. V. 25. *City of the house of Baal*—the inner shrine or citadel of the temple. V. 26. *Images*—Revised Version, "pillars." V. 27. *The image of Baal*—probably a conical stone dedicated to Baal. *A draught house*—a place of refuse and filth, putting it to the utmost dishonor. V. 27. *Howbeit*—Jehu destroyed the worship of false gods, but did not abolish the impure worship of the true God. V. 30. *Thou hast done well*—in smiting the house of Ahab and the worshipers of Baal, for this he had been commanded to do. But this was not an approval of the treachery and falsehood by which the work was accomplished.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Jehu anointed king? What charge did the prophet give him? What did Jehu immediately do? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JEHU'S PLOT AGAINST BAAL. vs. 18-23.—What assembly did Jehu call? What deceit did he use? What order did he issue? Who came together? How were the worshippers of Baal clothed? Why? Who went into the house of Baal with Jehu? What did Jehu say to the worshippers of Baal?

II. JEHU'S DESTRUCTION OF BAAL. vs. 24-28.—What guard did Jehu appoint? What command did he give them? How was this command executed? What was done with the images of Baal? What with the temple of Baal? What was there wrong in Jehu's treatment of the worshippers of Baal?

III. JEHU'S DISLOYALTY TO JEHOVAH. vs. 29-31.—What sin did Jehu commit? What should he have done? For what did the Lord commend him? What reward was promised him? How did he show his disloyalty to Jehovah? How would God have us serve him? 1 Chron. 28:9.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That a good work may be done in a wrong way and by sinful means.
2. That we are not to seek to support God's cause by tricks or deceit, to do evil that good may come.
3. That giving up one sin will not atone for the commission of another.
4. That we should give God our hearts first, and then give him loyal service.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. On what pretence did Jehu assemble the worshippers of Baal? Ans. He pretended that he wished to offer a great sacrifice to Baal.
2. What did he do when the assembly was gathered? Ans. He slew all the worshippers of Baal, and destroyed his images and temple.
3. How did he show his disloyalty to Jehovah? Ans. He took no heed to walk in the law of the God of Israel with all his heart.
4. Of what sin was he guilty? Ans. He continued the worship of the golden calves at Dan and Bethel.

LESSON III.—APRIL 19, 1891.

JONAH SENT TO NINEVEH.—Jon. 1:1-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."—Jon. 3:2.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 14:23-29.—Jonah and Jeroboam II.
T. Jon. 1:1-17.—Jonah sent to Nineveh.
W. Nah. 1:1-15.—The Burden of Nineveh.
Th. Nah. 3:1-19.—The Ruin of Nineveh.
F. Psalm 139:1-12.—"Whither Shall I Flee?"
S. Psalm 107:21-31.—The Storm a Calm.
S. Matt. 12:38-45.—The Sign of the Prophet Jonah.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Fleeing from Duty. vs. 1-3.
II. Arrested by a Storm. vs. 4-10.
III. Cast into the Sea. vs. 11-17.

TIME.—Probably about B.C. 810; Jeroboam II. king of Israel; Rimmon-Narari king of Assyria.

PLACES.—Gath-hepher, now El-Meshed, three miles north of Nazareth; Joppa, the seaport of Palestine; the Mediterranean.

OPENING WORDS.

Jonah was probably contemporary with the prophets Amos and Hosea. In the short account of the reign of Jeroboam II. a prophecy of Jonah is preserved and its fulfilment recorded. 2 Kings 14:23-29. This is all we know of him except what we learn from this book, which was probably written by the prophet himself.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 2. *Nineveh*—the ancient capital of Assyria, on the eastern bank of the Tigris, opposite the modern town of Mosul. V. 3. *Tarshish*—probably Tartessus, an ancient Phœnician city in the south of Spain. *Joppa*—now Jaffa, a port of Palestine on the Mediterranean. V. 4. *The Lord sent*—Jonah fled, but he could not escape "from the presence of the Lord." V. 6. *What meanest thou*—why art thou inactive, doing nothing in the face of the peril. V. 7. *Let us cast lots*—they think the storm sent in judgment for the crime of one of their number. V. 10. *Why hast thou done this?*—Revised Version, "What is this that thou hast done?" V. 16. *Unto the Lord*—the God of Jonah. V. 17. *A great fish*—naturalists have shown that there is a species of shark with jaws and throat so formed that it can swallow very large objects. Entire men have been found in the stomachs of these creatures.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Jonah? What prophecy of Jonah is recorded? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. FLEEING FROM DUTY. vs. 1-3.—Where did the Lord command Jonah to go? For what purpose? Why was he thus commanded? What did Jonah do? From what port did he sail? Why did he thus flee from duty?

II. ARRESTED BY A STORM. vs. 4-10.—What happened after the ship sailed from Joppa? What effect had the storm on the sailors? Where was Jonah? What did the shipmaster say to him? What plan did the seamen adopt? On whom did the lot fall? What questions did they put to Jonah? What was his answer? How were the seamen affected?

III. CAST INTO THE SEA. vs. 11-17.—What did the seamen then say to Jonah? What was his reply? What efforts did they first make? What prayer did they offer? What did they then do? What followed? How did this miracle affect the seamen? What became of Jonah? How long was Jonah in the belly of the fish?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God often gives his servants hard and disagreeable work to do.
2. That we cannot run away from God and duty.
3. That winds and storms and beasts are sent to do God's bidding.
4. That those who have the truth of God and fail to make it known will incur his displeasure.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did the Lord say to Jonah? Ans. Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it.
2. What did Jonah do? Ans. He went to Joppa, and there took ship for Tarshish.
3. What happened after the ship sailed from Joppa? Ans. The Lord sent a great storm, so that the ship was like to be broken.
4. How did the seamen find out on whose account the storm was sent? Ans. They cast lots and the lot fell on Jonah.
5. What was done with Jonah? Ans. He was cast into the sea and was swallowed by a great fish.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAVING THINGS HANDY.

A WORD TO THE HUSBANDS.

Too many houses have ill-arranged rooms, and are nearly destitute of labor-saving conveniences, and the housewife finds her time and strength tasked to the utmost to do the necessary things, without any opportunity for the ornamental. It would be unreasonable to expect from a woman in these circumstances the same despatch, neatness and gratifying results that are attained by her more fortunately situated sister.

Not many farmers' houses have the conveniences that a living house ought to have. The poor wives, overworked at the best, are thus forced to perform double labor. A little time and expense would go far toward removing the evil.

I know of one farm house where the water for the family use has to be brought from a well at least two rods from the door, and the only way of drawing it is by means of the old-fashioned sweep. How many women's backs have been broken by this work throughout the country, I cannot tell, but certainly not a few.

At another farm-house the well is inside, but the water is drawn in a bucket by a rope and windlass. Think of a woman, tired and nervous by the ordinary routine of her domestic toil and the care of two or three children, being obliged to procure water with these primitive arrangements. A good wooden or copper pump would cost but little, and the labor of securing water would be reduced from maximum to minimum.

One housewife that I know, the mother of a large family, whose husband employs a hired hand on the farm the year round, has never had a refrigerator. In the summer she is obliged to carry everything into the cellar, even her pastry. I visited at the house once over night, and I counted the number of times she went with dragging feet down-stairs before breakfast,—seven times.

It made me tired to think of that poor woman toiling up and down those stairs day after day,—effort as ceaseless and as unnecessary as the fabled labor of Sisyphus and his ever-rolling stone. What a godsend would a dumb-waiter have been to her! And why could not her husband have purchased or made a good substantial refrigerator, and have done with it? The probability is that such an idea had never once entered the good man's head.

It is usually thoughtlessness and negligence on the part of the husband, more than any other reason, why these things are so. He has not neglected to provide himself with labor-saving tools on his farm, and his new barn is the pride of the neighborhood; but anything will do for his wife, so the house remains with unfinished interior, the water and the wood are kept out of doors, and a hundred little inconveniences are allowed to continue, that might, if remedied, have saved a great deal of time, labor and possibly temper.

Odd hours and rainy days could be profitably turned to account in the alleviation of these household discomforts. There is commonly an interval in winter between fall and spring work on the farm, when the farmer has less to do than usual, and the time could well be utilized in making improvements about the house. Whatever serves to concentrate work saves steps and lessens labor.

The farmer has been accustomed, probably, to spend the greater part of these leisure days and evenings in reading and in social intercourse with his neighbors. This is all well; it is his duty to keep informed, and he should take needful rest and not neglect the amenities of life. But some of the odd hours may profitably be given to improvements about the house. Not only farmers, but the majority of husbands, if they will look about the home, will find "a labor of love" of this sort waiting their hands.

One cannot estimate the difference it makes in a woman's work in having things handy until it has been tried, and a busy housewife can best appreciate anything tending in that direction.

Things should be handy not only in the kitchen, but in the back kitchen, the cellar and the sitting-room. Every housekeeper should be provided with all the modern appliances,—the best range, the best carpet-sweeper, refrigerator and cooking utensils. These things belong to her of right, and it is as important that she should have them as that you should have the best cultivator and the best reaper. It may cost a little more in the beginning, but in the end it will be money in the pocket. And it is the husband's duty to see that things are handy.—*Clinton Montague, in the Household.*

GLADSTONE'S GUIDING STAR.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS MADE THE GREAT STATESMAN HAPPY.

She is one of the most charming women you ever saw, declares a correspondent of *The Ladies' Home Journal*; a sweet, kind face framed in full, soft, lovely hair and topped by a cap of velvet and lace. A gown that falls in artistic folds and doesn't rustle, and a way of looking at you as if she were interested in everything you said—that's Mrs. Gladstone. She does not care for society, as it is meant by the round of balls and receptions, and the giving and going to them; but she is delighted when she is at the head of her own dinner-table and has about her a circle of friends who know and love her and Mr. Gladstone. Unlike the wife of any other Prime Minister she never went in for having a salon, for surrounding herself with rich and powerful friends who would simply care to be received at the house of a Prime Minister, and yet have no real interest in the cause which he so thoroughly and entirely championed. Instead, she has given her time to caring for him, to seeing that he was under any and all circumstances as comfortable as possible, and, that in this way, his health was preserved for the nation for whom he did so much good. Her *happiest moments* are when she is with her husband at Hawarden, but on every important occasion she has always been by his side. Just remember that this means going over the country in railway trains, being for hours on open-air platforms, and then you will understand why the people of England worship Mrs. Gladstone as a heroine.

COMPLEXION MAKING.

Ten hours sleep out of the twenty-four, a walk of at least four miles a day in the air, brown bread, no coffee, no sweets, vigorous rubbing in cold water every morning, and the simplest, purest toilet articles, that is Mrs. Kendall's prescription for a nice skin, and the delicacy and fairness of her own face give proof of its efficacy.

Another somewhat new way for procuring a good complexion is to take a sponge bath in tepid salt water every morning before breakfast, plenty of exercise, and nourishing, easily-digested food.

A pretty little woman said with a sigh, as she laid down a fresh list of axioms for beautifying the person; "It is just enough to wear any one all out to follow half the directions written now for making you beautiful. I've tried them all. I've used vaseline and glycerine, acid, cocoanut oil and almond paste, rosewater and lemon juice. I have bathed in boiling water and ice water, and in tepid water and in milk and water. I have washed my face with a cloth of the roughest crash I could buy, and rubbed the very cuticle off in my struggles to follow out the directions; and I have half washed it, as I would a bit of *porcelain, with the softest*, finest flannel I could find. I think the worst of all was when I didn't wash it at all for a while, because some one said the hard water here in New York would cause wrinkles, so I wiped it off with one thing and another as long as I could bear it, or, rather, until just before I had ruined my skin entirely, when my husband suggested that I try just keeping simply clean for a while, and, do you know, I haven't had a bit of trouble since."

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS.

If cut flowers are to be kept for a special purpose do not stand them in water, but wet them thoroughly, then wrap them in paper, lay them in a pasteboard box and set them in a very cold place, the colder the better, so that they will not freeze. If the flowers are to stand in vases, keep the water fresh by frequent renewal and by the addition of some antiseptic, like salicylic acid, nitrate of soda or ammonia. The ends of the stalks should be cut frequently. Do not crowd too many stems into one receptacle. Have the vase or glass of good size and well filled with water, and keep the vase continually full by the addition of small quantities of water to make up for evaporation. Do not have the stems so long that they will rest upon the bottom of the vase, as in that case they cannot absorb the water so well. Flowers will be greatly freshened after having been in a warm room all day, if at night they are taken from the vase and every part of them, stems, leaves, flowers, well sprinkled, and then wrapped closely in a wet cloth, and laid in a cool place until morning. Before they are set away, and then again when putting them in the vases, cut off a little bit of the stem, as the end quickly hardens and the moisture is not readily absorbed. By removing at first all the leaves from the parts of the stems which are in the water the disagreeable odor occasioned by the decaying of those leaves will be prevented. Roses that have been carried or worn at an evening entertainment, and have drooped, will revive greatly if the stems are cut off a little, then placed in water which is almost boiling, *letting them stand in it about* ten minutes and then remove to cold water. —*Detroit Tribune.*

SLEEP FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

We all know how much greater is the need of children for sleep than of grown persons, and how necessary for their good it is to be able fully to satisfy this need; but how great it is generally at any particular age of the child is very hard to define exactly. The amount varies under different climatic conditions. In Sweden we consider a sleep of eleven or twelve hours necessary for the younger school children, and of at least eight or nine for the older ones. Yet the investigations have shown that this requirement lacks much of being met in all the classes through the whole school. Boys in the higher classes get little more than seven hours in bed; and as that is the average, it is easy to perceive that many of them must content themselves with *still less sleep. It is also evi*dent from investigations that the sleeping time is diminished with the increase of the working hours from class to class, so that the pupils of the same age enjoy less according as they are higher in their classes. It thus appears constantly that in schools of relatively longer hours of work, the sleeping time of the pupils is correspondingly shorter. In short, the prolongation of the working hours takes place at the cost of the time for sleep.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

TO TAN AND COLOR SHEEP SKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.

"To tan sheep pelts with the wool wash the skin in warm water, remove all the fleshy matter and clean the wool thoroughly with soft soap and water. Having thus freed it of all fatty matter, apply to the flesh side the following mixture: Take half a pound each of fine salt and powdered alum and half an ounce of borax. Dissolve these in a quart of hot water, and after cooling the mixture to a degree that the hand may be held in it, add rye-meal to make it into a paste. After spreading it on the fleshy side of the pelt—and the quantity named is what will be needed for one pelt—fold the pelt lengthwise and let it remain in an airy place for two weeks, after which remove the paste, wash and dry. When nearly dry, scrape with a knife, which should be crescent-shaped, and the softness of the pelt will depend very much upon the amount of working that is bestowed upon it. If the skin is to be used as a mat, the following plan is to be recommended: With a strong lather made with hot water—but used when cold, wash the fresh skin, being careful to get out all the dirt from the wool. It is better to plunge the skin right into the lather. After doing so, wash the skin clean in cold water. Now dissolve a pound each of salt and alum in two gallons of hot water. Put this into some sort of a tub, in which the skin can be placed, and have the mixture cover it. After twelve hours' soaking, take it out and hang it upon the pole to drain. When it has been well drained, stretch it upon a board to dry, and stretch it several times during the process of drying. Before it is quite dry, sprinkle on the flesh side one ounce each of powdered alum and saltpetre, rubbed in well. If the wool is then found to be firm on the skin, it can be folded up and let remain two or three days, or until dry, turning the skin over from day to day. Then scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife and rub with pumice stone. To color, use aniline of any shade you desire. Dissolve one pound of aniline in two gallons of water; strain before using; then float the skins in a dye-box, wool down. See that they lie flat, and let them remain till the color or shade you desire comes; *then take them out and* run them through clear, cold water and hang up in a hot room to dry. For plain white, wash the skins well after tanning as described above. If not white enough, hang up in a small room and bleach with powdered sulphur. Set in a pail in the centre of the room, burning. Be careful to have no escape of the sulphur fumes, and have the room air-tight."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Boil one quart of milk, add a teacup of butter, one of sugar, and three ounces of grated chocolate. When cool, add the yolks of four eggs. Pour in a pudding dish lined with stale cake. Bake, cover with meringue, and brown.

RAILWAY PUDDING.—Beat one egg, add one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one and a half cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, half a cup of milk, and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake in a greased pan and serve with lemon sauce.

FIG PUDDING.—Chop half a pound of figs fine, mix with a teacup of grated bread-crumbs, half a pound of sugar, a teacup of melted butter, five ounces of candied orange peel and citron, one grated nutmeg, and five well-beaten eggs. Steam four hours and serve with sauce.

ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—Take four cups of flour, one of suet, one of dried raspberries or blackberries, one and a half cups of molasses, and two beaten eggs. Mix all together, flavor to taste, put in a mold and steam two hours. Eat with hard sauce.

ALMOND PUDDING.—Make a sponge cake, bake in a long pan, have the cake about two inches thick. Blanch a pound of almonds, and pound them in rose-water, mix with four grated crackers, six eggs, a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, and a little grape jelly. Pour on the cake, set in the oven twenty minutes, cover with meringue flavored with extract of almond.

OYSTER SALAD.—Let fifty small oysters just come to a boil in their own liquor. Skim and strain. Season the oysters with three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and place on ice for two hours. With a sharp knife cut up a pint of celery, using only the tender part, and when ready to serve, mix with the oysters, adding about one-half pint mayonnaise dressing. Arrange in a salad dish. Pour over another one-half pint of dressing, and garnish with white celery leaves.

PUZZLES.—No. 6.

CHARADE.

My first is mightier than a weapon.
My second is a noble creation.
My third is the sailor's own palace.
My whole comes from education.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

1. In "that." 2. An exclamation. 3. To agitate. 4. To do. 5. In "make." 6. An enclosure. 7. A city in southern Asia. 8. A girl's nickname. 9. In "you."

The centrals, spelled downward, give an author.

A GREAT MAN.

He was given to his parents in answer to prayer.
His name means, "heard of God."
He was dedicated to the Lord while he was very young.
When he was still a boy the Lord spoke to him.
He became a prophet and a judge over Israel.
Who was he?

CITIES IN PI.

1. Gleonco. 2. Frxodo. 3. Poslna. 4. Prguobttess. 5. Okito. 6. Nittuna. 7. Pignon. 8. Nortoln. 9. Onialdiasnpi. 10. Knworye. 11. Hebuidgrn.

The initials, read downward, spell the name of the first Christian Emperor.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 5.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.—1. Plato. 2. Keats. 3. Byron. 4. Homer. 5. Pope. 6. Dickens. 7. Eliot.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Sir Henry Hudson and I went skating one day a short time ago. We were warned by General Wolfe that the ice was not strong enough to hold such heavy men as we were. However, disregarding his warning we went on the ice where we were met by Sir Randolph Churchill. In a few moments Sir Henry Hudson, who was the heaviest of the party, fell through the ice and when dragged ashore by Governor Champlain was much exhausted. We took him to Queen Charlotte's palace where he was kindly treated by the Queen who lent him her smelling salts and introduced him to her son and heir-apparent, Prince Albert, who gave him a carriage to take him home.

PI.

Chill airs and wintry winds! My ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

The Family Circle.

NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS.

There is a little town in a distant state, set on a wooded hill in the midst of gently undulating country.

Dear little Dulwich! One by one your wandering sons and daughters come back to you for refuge and peace. In dying their eyes turn to that quiet spot where, in your very heart, your dead rests. "Take me back," they say, "and *lay* me there in the solemn shade. Young voices will sometimes sound above me, and kind eyes will watch my resting-place in loving remembrance."

With words like these echoing in her heart, Agatha walked up and down the veranda with her little brother. It was the evening of a rainy Good Friday. From time to time the two stopped. The girl, pressing the child's cheek to her side with one hand, gazed sadly through the mist toward a tall, white stone in the distance, which marked the grave of her father.

Three long months had passed since his death, and as common duties grew importunate, Agatha felt more keenly the meaning of her loss. They stood there, the young girl and the child, with the dull red glow of the sunset behind them, their faces turned toward the dead.

"A picture for the day!" thought the gentleman who came up the broad gravel-walk toward the house.

"How long you have been gone, Uncle Stephen!" cried the boy.

"Mr. Carson stopped me at the church, Harry," said his uncle. "Agatha, he will be here soon to see you about the Easter music."

"It is too late to change the programme," replied Agatha. "I thought it had all been arranged three weeks ago."

"Miss Burr had a sore throat, and they want you to take her place."

Agatha gave a slight exclamation of dismay.

"Anything but to sing!" she said. "Remember that last night—I sang to him—to the end."

"I know," said her uncle.

"And then Easter comes this year on his birthday and mine. O Uncle Stephen, he was so young! Only forty, and he had such noble, unselfish plans! So much begun that no one else could finish! And now it is all over!"

"Over!" said her uncle. "I trust not."

"I know what you mean," she said, with a sigh, "but what is another world to me when I want him here? Then, too, it would comfort me, I suppose, if I had faith enough. I am afraid I do not really believe."

"My dear girl," said her uncle, gravely, "there are many things that our Heavenly Father has not given us the power to understand; but we can trust him. He knows best."

"I try to trust," said Agatha, "but papa has been so much to us since mamma went, and Harry and I, we are so lonely! Then, how can I be sure! I may never see him again." Her voice quivered with pain as she added, "It is all so dark!"

"Trust him," said her uncle. "His wisdom and goodness are infinite, infinite; we can in no way limit them. Trust, some day, how or where or when we may not know, but some day, all will be well with us. We may be sure of that."

"But, Uncle Stephen, can you conceive of happiness without Aunt Mildred and the children? You have lost them all. What do you live for but the hope of meeting them again?"

"I hope for it," said her uncle. "That is my only conception of happiness, but my conception may be all wrong. Of only one thing I am sure, and that is that my Heavenly Father knows and will do what is best for us all."

"I do not think I really disbelieve," said Agatha, "it is rather that I do not understand. I grope for the truth. I cannot see." The note of agony crept into her voice again.

Her uncle was looking over the tops of the trees beyond the western valley into the slowly darkening evening sky.

"When will people learn," he said, sorrowfully, "that they do not need to see?"

"People don't see," said little Harry, who had been listening all this time with a puzzled look of half comprehension. "You can't see them at all. But they will rise again, with a great rush of wings."

Agatha's uncle looked at her questioningly.

"He has been talking to Minna in the kitchen about Easter among the Moravians," she said. "His head seems full of strange notions lately."

Just then the sound of a firm step on the gravel near at hand caused them all to turn.

"It's Mr. Casson," said Agatha.

Her uncle went to meet the rector, and silently gave him his hand.

"You will sing for us, Agatha, on Sunday?" he said, coming toward her.

She did not answer for a moment, and then said, with an effort at self-control:

"I cannot, I cannot. You know how many associations the day has for me."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I remember that you were born on his twenty-third birthday, and that Sunday is its anniversary. He was very proud of his little girl."

She bent her head, unable to speak.

"I should like to think of you," Mr. Casson continued, "as singing a song of triumph for him on this Easter Day, when the whole angelic host rejoice with their risen Lord."

Agatha was crying.

"He is not dead," he added, softly.

"He is dead for me!" sobbed the girl. "I cannot feel the other life. I cannot know it. For me he is lying over there by mamma, in the mist and the cold. O my dearest, my dearest!"

"Try not to think of it so," urged the rector. "It may be given him to watch over those he loves. What joy your singing might give him! He made a glorious fight for all that is highest, Agatha. Can you not celebrate his first triumphal day in heaven?"

"I would, Mr. Casson," Agatha answered, earnestly, "but it is impossible. I have tried—you know I have," turning to her uncle. "But at the first note everything sweeps over me in a great wave of sorrow."

"Well, good-by," said the rector. "You may feel differently by Sunday." And he hurried away.

While they had been talking, Agatha was too much moved to notice the convulsive pressure of the little hand in her own, or the pleading expression of a pair of anxious eyes uplifted to her downcast face.

"You should have had your hat on, dear," she said, laying her hand on her brother's curly head. But the little fellow was too intent on his own thoughts to heed her words.

"You must sing Easter, Agatha," he said. "Say you will, dear! He will miss it so, if you don't! Just in the morning, Agatha, for papa!"

"Sweetheart, I do not think I can," answered Agatha, gently.

The child buried his face in the black folds of her dress, and began to cry softly.

"It will all be spoiled," he murmured.

"Tell me about it," said his uncle, drawing Harry into the house, and taking him on his knee.

"I was 'companying Minna in the kitchen," said the child, between his sobs, "when she told me about it. And now if Agatha won't sing I shall not have anybody, and Minna said the Moravian people had a great band with bright horns—and I meant to have only Agatha."

"Come," said his uncle, "stop crying, and tell me slowly what all this is about."

"It was about how they did at Easter when Minna was little. They went early in the morning, and marched up a high hill, the men first and the women last, to the place where—they were buried."

"Where who were buried, dear?"

"Their people that they loved,—like papa," said Harry, whispering. "Then they played on their bright horns, and all sang an Easter hymn, a great, mighty hymn, just as the sun rose. And when I asked Minna why they did it, she said it was because on Easter the ones who had died that year would rise, with a rushing sound of wings, and the people sang on account of being glad.

"I asked her why we didn't bury papa in that country, but Minna said it made no difference; that papa would go to heaven sooner than any one else she ever knew. So, all alone I knew I couldn't sing a great, mighty hymn,—Minna says 'great mighty'—but Agatha could; her voice is like a big angel's."

"Never mind," said his uncle, stroking his head, "perhaps poor Agatha would like to sing, but cannot. Sing your hymn yourself; that will do."

A little comforted, the child let his sister lead him upstairs. Her thoughts were far away, as she slowly helped him to undress.

"Can I really go and sing it myself, Agatha?" he asked, as he wriggled into his nightgown.

"Yes, dear," she answered, absently.

The little face, emerging from the white folds, wore an astonished expression. Harry looked at her keenly, but, finding the permission not withdrawn, he discreetly left the matter as it was.

In the afternoon of the following day Harry and Minna went out into the warm April air for a walk. Minna was devoted to Harry. She treated him as an equal in age and experience.

"He's that sensible!" she would admiringly affirm; "you couldn't no more treat him like a baby than you could Mr. Casson. He's more sense than ten of some men."

"We've got to be home in time to get tea," she said, when the sun warned them that it was nearing five o'clock.

"Did you see that big bunch of Easter lilies, Minna? Mr. Casson brought it to Agatha from Littleton. Agatha cried. Do you suppose it was anything about papa?"

"'Course it was," said Minna. "The lilies were meant for your papa; and Harry," she added, "you musn't forget to say, 'The Lord is risen,' in the morning, and if anybody says it to you, you must answer, 'he is risen indeed,' like your papa taught you."

"I couldn't forget that," said Harry. "I shall say it to Agatha. Do you suppose she'll go with me and sing the great, mighty hymn?" he asked, wistfully.

"Oh, you just let her alone," said Minna. "She's been bothered enough about singing all day."

"Very well," he said with a tremble in his voice. "I shall have to do it all alone."

Agatha, absorbed and preoccupied with her own affairs, was wholly unconscious of Harry's little plan. Dull despair and weary lack of faith possessed her heart; they stood like a wall, between her and all she loved best.

When Harry's bedtime arrived, Agatha undressed him mechanically, and answered his chatter at random. The tall spray of lilies stood in a large vase near the window.

"I know who they are for," said the boy, sinking his voice mysteriously. "May I put them there, Agatha, dear, so that he may know that we have remembered? And won't you come? We cannot see him, you know, but he may see us, and he would miss you so. You are sure you cannot sing?"

Agatha shook her head too heart-sick to answer.

"Then may I? You know you did promise."

"Yes, dear."

"They go upward, with a great rush of wings. We only hear it," he continued, dreamily looking out of the window, his cheeks red and his eyes glistening. "And you must not forget, when I say, 'The Lord is risen,' to answer, 'He is risen indeed.' Papa liked to have us do that. You'll remember?"

"Yes, dear," she replied again

"Agatha!" he called, when, after tucking him snugly into his cot, she had half-closed the chamber door.

"Yes, Harry?" she answered, waiting outside.

"What time does the sun rise?"

"About five o'clock, dear, I think."

"And you are sure you can't sing the great, mighty hymn?"

"Yes, I am sure; and don't wake poor Agatha at five o'clock; she is tired."

"Then can I do it alone, if I won't disturb anybody?" he insisted.

"Oh, yes, if you'll be quiet!" she called, with a shade of impatience in her voice. "And now go to sleep."

She went slowly down-stairs. The child listened for the last rustle of her dress, and then, when all was silent, he hid his head in the pillow, and cried.

"She doesn't care," he sobbed, piteously, "and—he—will—be—so—dis'pointed."

"Poor boy! No one had taken any pains to understand him. When Agatha came up to the room an hour or two later, the tears were still wet on his cheek.

Early the next morning Agatha was awakened by the sudden sound of the closing of a door. For a few moments she gazed idly about the room at the furniture, in the half-light which fell through the window, wondering sleepily what was the cause of the noise. Like a thrust from a knife-blade, there returned upon her the heart-sick recollection of those dawns through whose gray shadows she had watched in hopeless agony, only a short time ago.

With a stifled moan, she put out her hand towards Harry's cot, but the little, warm head of thick, light hair that she expected to feel was gone. Startled, she raised herself in bed; the bells of the steeple were ringing five o'clock, and Harry was not there!

His clothes hung on their chair, but a pair of thick woollen shoes and a heavy, white shawl were missing. The lilies, too, were not in their vase.

Agatha dimly remembered her permission so heedlessly given. Hurrying to the window, she could make out, in the distance, a small, white form threading its way among the graves in the church-yard. She threw on her clothes with frantic haste, and ran after her brother across the wet grass.

The eastern sky was already beginning to glow when she reached the foot of the low hill where her father was buried. A little, kneeling figure stood out against the reddening background. The shawl had dropped from the boy's shoulders, and the long branch of lilies towered above the reverently bent head. He was praying while he watched.

Agatha ascended to his side. Something in the time and place, and in the rapt inspiration of the uplifted eyes, silenced all frightened remonstrances. Folding him in the warm shawl, she knelt at his side.

Tranquil and hushed the broad valley lay before her in the shadows of the blue hills; a few light clouds hung above them, and the morning sky was shot with gold and crimson.

The spirit of the day fell upon Agatha, and the child's faith, beautiful and strange, flooded her heart with unwonted light. As she knelt there, waiting for her beloved to pass in triumph, a lofty pride possessed her soul; she felt her kinship with one of that radiant host whose souls seemed to be floating upward with the resplendent eastern clouds.

Slowly the red disk of the sun began to appear, and, moved by a common impulse, Agatha and Harry rose to their feet.

"Quick, before he is gone!" whispered Harry, laying the flowers gently along the grave, and beginning to sing:

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say."

But suddenly all the air was filled with melody, and the sweet child's treble was drowned in Agatha's wonderful voice:

"Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply."

Out over the still fields rang the glorious old hymn and all the crimson clouds melted away as the great golden sun swung majestically from the hill-tops into the clear sky.

"Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more!"

A gust of wind came up from the valley, and rustled among the dry leaves overhead. To Harry it was the rush of those mighty wings so fearfully longed for. Startled, he seized his sister's hand, and the song died away upon his trembling lips; but Agatha's voice soared on unshaken:

"Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ has opened Paradise!"

When the last verse was sung, the day shone everywhere around them, and the birds were softly twittering in the bushes. A shaft of sunlight illumined the white flowers on the grave at their feet, and to Agatha the world was once more beautiful.

They stood for a moment in silence, and then she drew the little boy toward home.

"The Lord is risen," he said, solemnly. And from the bottom of Agatha's full heart the answer came:

"He is risen, indeed!

—*Mary Tappan Wright, in Youth's Companion.*

A FANCY IN TRIOLETS.

I.

"Who saw a sunbeam pass this way?
A little shape of dancing light
With golden locks and cheek like May?
Who saw a sunbeam pass this way,
As bright as dawn, as glad as day,
In little gown of snowy white?
Who saw a sunbeam pass this way,
A little shape of dancing light?"

II.

"We saw no shape of light astray;
A small cloud flew across the plain,
With sombre hair and dress of gray!
We saw no shape of light astray,
But sombre mist and dark array"—
"Why, *that's* my sunbeam, drenched in rain!"
"We saw no shape of light astray,
A small cloud flew across the plain!"

—*Selected.*

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SERVICE.

The superintendent was standing at his desk, and his hand was stretched out ready to strike the bell, for it was time to call the school together for the closing exercises; but just then he happened to glance at Miss Howard, and the appealing look on that lady's face made him pause and then postpone the signal nearly five minutes. He saw that the young women in Miss Howard's class were bending forward and listening intently to one of their number, and fearing that an interruption at that moment might be very detrimental to the religious interests of one or two souls there, he waited until the speaker had finished, and Miss Howard's eye had assured him that he might safely call the school to order.

Miss Howard believed in the practical application of each lesson, and one characteristic of the hour was the illustration of the principal point by a story or incident read or told by some member of the class, or, rarely, a bit of her own experience.

On this particular Sunday the lesson was on "The Spirit of True Service," and could you and I have been there, we should have heard the following story. Marion Elston had been chosen by Miss Howard for this day, and with a shy but very earnest look on her sweet face she began without delay as soon as asked.

"I shall have to talk very fast because my story is pretty long and I want you to hear it all, so will you please be timekeeper, Miss Howard?

"Maud Easton was a young woman who had been well educated. She had studied in the best schools near her home, and then had been through the four years' course at an Eastern college. When she came back to her home again she was very eager to try to support herself, but her father was quite wealthy and preferred that she should stay at home and help her mother with the other children, for Ben, a lively lad of fifteen, Ward, who emulated him as far as was possible to a thirteen-year-old, and womanly little Effie, nearly twelve, all needed more care than their mother could well give them.

"Maud was a Christian and meant to be obedient, but her father's plan was decidedly disappointing to her ambitious spirit. She would have been greatly discontented had it not occurred to her that her father and mother certainly would not forbid her to do church work; so she went into it with all her might. She joined societies until she belonged to thirteen; she was the most faithful attendant at all the meetings; plans for new work received her most enthusiastic support; and, in short, after she had been at home eighteen months she was so busy with all this outside work that the family saw very little of her. Her parents said nothing, but waited for a chance to remonstrate. Both feared she needed rest, but hesitated to give her a second disappointment.

"One evening late in November she came home with a very tired look, but when her mother spoke of it, she said she thought it would be gone in the morning. The mother, however, found her utterly exhausted after a sleepless night, the result of a terrible headache. The physician was called at once, and after a keen look at her flushed face and dull eyes he warned her mother that a severe illness might follow, though he hoped to ward it off. For four or five days she was unconscious, and if she spoke at all it was to inquire about some detail of a fair which she had been planning. At last she came to herself again, but it was pitiful to see how weak she had grown. Two or three weeks of good care gave her a little strength, and when a month had gone by she was able to sit up for a few minutes. But I didn't mean to tell you about that, but about her thoughts.

"When she got strength enough to begin to think—oh, how rebellious she was! To be taken away from her work when she was so anxious to carry it on and finish it; to lie there scarcely able to move sometimes and think and think and think of all the things she had planned to do; and to know that they had to be given up, or that some one else was doing them, not half so well as she could she was sure—it was hard. Often the feelings of anger and rebellion would grow till at last bitter tears came to her relief, and only the sleep of exhaustion could really calm her unhappy spirit.

"After many weeks she was able to go down-stairs, and with the return of strength and the change of surroundings her heart grew a little more reconciled. She began to get acquainted with the family whom she had scarcely seen for six years. She admired Ben's activity and manly spirit, and grew very fond of Ward, whose gentle attentions to his mother and Effie were unusual in such a boy. Little Effie she took so much into her heart that the little maid's love and confidence were completely won.

"For some time Maud had been noticing Effie's constantly sunshiny face and unceasing helpfulness, and as she was one day lying on the couch in the sitting room watching the last glow of the early spring sunset fade out of the sky, Effie danced into the room. Catching sight of Maud's pale face on the cushions she flew over to give her a hug and a kiss. Maud held her close for a minute, then she asked,

"'Elfkin, can you stop long enough to tell me what makes you do so much for the rest of us?'

"'In a somewhat surprised tone Effie replied, 'Why, I love you all, you know, and besides I am trying to be like Christ, and he was everybody's servant, so I thought I ought to be.'

"And with another kiss and caress off she went to be 'papa's comforter,' stopping on her way to help Ward find his books and Ben control his temper.

"A few minutes later, as Maud was thinking over Effie's answer, her mother came in, and in reply to Maud's question as to the meaning of her sigh, explained that it was a sigh of thankfulness. 'Hannah is such a good servant,' she added, 'she always does things as I prefer, not in her own way, and she obeys so promptly and willingly that it is a pleasure to watch her. I never had such a servant before, and I am so grateful. She has been such a help while you have been sick.'

All that evening Maud's thoughts were busy, and when she fell asleep after a short but earnest prayer, there was a peace in her heart which she had not known for years.

"After that she grew better much more rapidly. Every one noticed how bright and happy she seemed, and one day when the doctor sent her away to have a little change of air, they were all surprised to find how much they missed her. For she had begun to do little things here and there for them all, but her ministrations were so quiet that they had not noticed them, nor appreciated their number.

"At the end of the summer Maud came back to her home quite well once more, and ready for any work her Master might see fit to send her."

Here the look of dawning intelligence on the faces of her class-mates made her blush vividly as she added, so sweetly and earnestly that they were all greatly impressed, the words for which Miss Howard had so effectually interceded,—

"Girls, Maud's real name was Marion Elston, and it is my own experience I have been telling you. I was that self-willed, ambitious, impatient girl; but God was too kind to let me go on in that way, so he tried to teach me better. For a long time I was wickedly rebellious, but at last I saw and understood what he was so lovingly trying to show me, and now I have learned a lesson which with his help I shall never forget. An ambitious, self-willed, proud spirit can never render acceptable service. Whether we serve man or God, we must be humble, self-oblivious, obedient, not doing the thing we prefer, nor doing it in our way, but doing what our Master gives us in his way so far as we can. And when we love Christ so much that we want to do only what he gives us, and in his way, then our service is the most perfect we can give. I want to say just this more, that the spirit of true service to everybody is love, a love so strong that it will forget itself and its own preferences in its earnest desires and longings to do for another what he wishes or needs; and the greater the love the more perfect the service. O girls! if you only knew how happy this spirit of true service of Christ makes me, you would all want it.

It was a strange coincidence that the superintendent read Miss Waring's beautiful hymn, "Father, I know that all my life," dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the last two lines,—

> More careful, not to serve thee much,
> But to please thee perfectly."

—and adding in a solemn tone two verses from the Bible: "Know ye not to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" and "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

After Sunday-school we might have seen Miss Howard thanking the superintendent with tears in her eyes, and if we had been near enough we might have overheard:—

"And your words following Marion's story, made such an impression on my girls that two of them decided at once to serve Christ."—*Exchange.*

THE NURSERY PSALM.

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

One of the English ladies who went to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale found in a Scutari hospital a Highlander near death, and yet hard against God. She spoke to him but he would make no answer. He even drew the sheet up over his head to keep her from speaking to him again. The next time she went through that ward he saw her coming toward his cot, and he covered his face again. Seating herself beside the bed, she began to repeat, in a low, kind voice, the Nursery Psalm:

> "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green. He leadeth me
> The quiet waters by."

She noticed that, before the psalm was finished, his hand went up to his eyes under the sheet. The next time she came, he was quite ready to listen to what she had to say of Jesus and his love. He gave his heart to the Lord, and five days later he died in great peace.

The Nursery Psalm was used to touch a chord that was not quite paralyzed by his bitter enmity against God. It was "mony a weary mile" from his mother's knee in the Highland cottage, where, with her loving hand on his bonny, bright head, she had taught him the dear old psalm, to the Crimean hospital, where, a rough, hardened soldier, he lay dying; yet the mother's love, like Christ's tenderness, reached all the way, and drew him back to God.

Let us fill the minds of our children with Bible truth. Let us teach them to repeat our hymns. It will be laying up for them a store of good things against the famine years that may come. It will stand them in good stead in their hours of sore need.

They may not understand the great truths that they mouth with difficulty,—and who of us at our best can ever fathom the depths of meaning?—yet the memory of the "huge tenderness" of home and mother, which they comprehended no more than they did God's kindness, will "put full sense" into the homely words, making them

> "Manna to the hungry soul,
> And, to the weary, rest."

This teaching will be a thousand thousand times better pabulum upon which to feed those whom we would have grow to become muscular Christians, than the trashy, empty stories with which nursery books are usually full. Candies may quiet the clamor a little while; but the glucose and *terra alba* with which they are adulterated ruin the child's digestion, destroy his appetite for better food, and undermine his health. They who have the responsibility of launching upon life those who are to bear their name, and represent them before the world in the years to come, ought to ponder well these truths, seeking divine wisdom, and obeying carefully the command of God: "Teach them diligently to your children." Sunday-school teachers are good in their way, and worthy of all honor; but they cannot fill a parent's place, or do a parent's duty.

If your child were going into danger, where you could not take care of him, you might quilt gold-pieces into the lining of his garment, that he might not be without the means of support in shipwreck and among strangers. While we may, let us see to it that our children are thoroughly furnished with the word of God.—*Sunday-School Times.*

THE HEARTH FIRE.

> If the world seems cold to you,
> Kindle fires to warm it;
> Let their comfort hide from view
> Winters that deform it.
> Hearts as frozen as your own
> To that radiance gather,
> You will soon forget to moan,
> "Ah, the cheerless weather!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

ACHSAH'S EASTER-TIDE.

Of the dear Lord's poor was Achsah, brown-haired and hazel-eyed,
When her small feet came to the portals of one glad Easter-tide.
The sweet pale face of the mother had faded with the snow—
Now she know she must leave her darling, the darling who loved her so.

And the dear little face had grown thinner, the dear little step less strong,
Till the mother had hoped that Achsah would not stay behind her long.
Now as neared the joyous Easter, with its glory of song and flowers,
A wish grew strong in the childish heart through all the bright'ning hours.

She thought of the splendor of churches, with blossoms made fair as the sun,
And how "mamma loved all the flowers, if only she might have one."
And her heart swelled big with the longing ever more strong and deep,
And she woke from a dream of blossoms in her short and fevered sleep.

'Twas the day before Easter morning; to-morrow the jubilant glee,
The great, glad, exultant chorus would be rolling o'er land and sea!
To-morrow, the song of angels would sound through each church's nave,
Telling to all "He is risen!"—the Lord who died to save.

And she said, "I can find a flower, I can find just one, I know;
The Lord who loves little children will show me where to go."
Then she pinned on her poor worn wrapping, and tied on her tattered hood,
And started in search of her flower, but not through field or wood;

Only the streets of the city, stretching for weary miles,
Till the poor little feet grew tired, the face forgot its smiles—
Past many a church where the organs were pealing soft and low,
She wandered, our little Achsah, walking ever more slow.

Miles, miles the worn feet travelled, till sick at heart and faint,
The wee face under the tattered hood glowed pale like a pictured saint,
Until at length she started, in wonder and surprise,
And tears came quickly welling up into the hazel eyes,

For there on the dusty pavement, dropped by some careless hand,
Bearing its load of treasure, to deck some chancel grand,
Lay a pure and perfect lily, dainty, and fair, and white,
In its deep, sweet heart a dewdrop glowed in the clear daylight.

Quickly she seized the treasure, the sad brown eyes aglow,
Sobbing, as back she hurried, "He laid it there, I know."
Hurried at first, then faltered, growing more weak each mile,
Still the tired feet never rested. "Mamma," she said, "will smile."

Reached at last were home and mother. "I am so tired," she said;
"Mamma is sleeping so quiet I will creep to her side in bed,
I am so cold and so tired, I will lie down here and rest,
First I'll place in her hand the lily, she'll find it here at her breast."

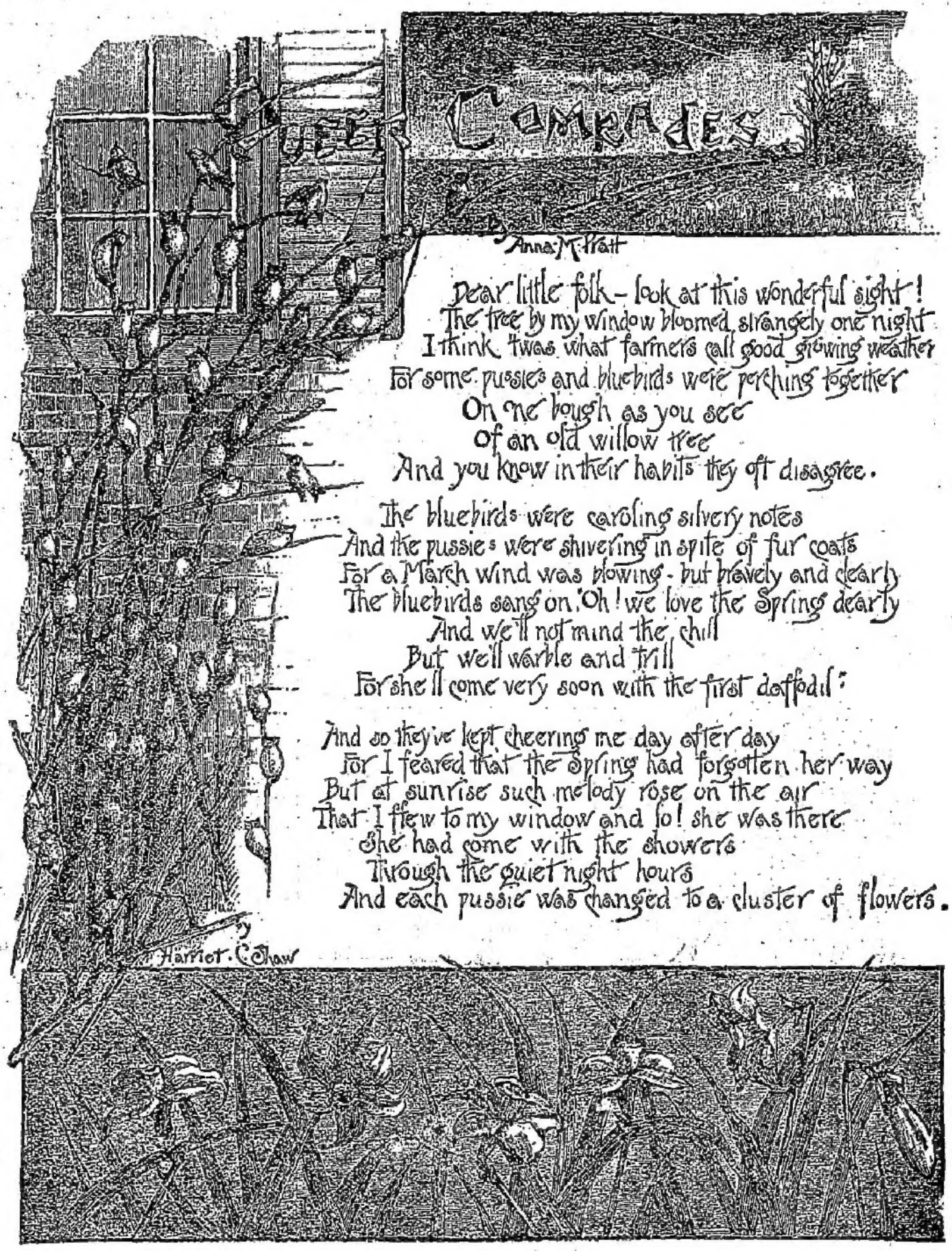
And then the poor little maiden sank to her needed sleep,
And the angels guarded the sleepers whose slumber was long and deep,
Next morning the Easter chorus soared 'round each architrave
Of the lofty and lovely churches. "He is risen!" the echoes gave.

But in the lowly hovel the sunshine streamed and fell
And rested on child and mother, who slept so long and well.
The sweet pale faces were upturned fair in the light of day;
In the nerveless hand of the mother the waxen lily lay.

Pinched were the sleeping faces; to those who saw them, there
The whole sad tale was written, a tale of want and care.
Naught but cold and hunger for them had the earth to yield—
Hunger, and cold, and hardship, and a grave in "Potters' field."

"As I live, ye shall live also." O wonderful words that he saith!
Into his blessed presence they had passed through the gates of death.
O glorious Easter morning! O joy!—He lives who died!
'Mid the songs and the flowers of heaven was "Achsah's Easter-tide!"

EMILY BAKER SMALLS.


COMRADES
Anna M. Pratt
Dear little folk—look at this wonderful sight!
The tree by my window bloomed strangely one night
I think 'twas what farmers call good growing weather
For some pussies and bluebirds were perching together
On one bough as you see
Of an old willow tree
And you know in their habits they oft disagree.
The bluebirds were caroling silvery notes
And the pussies were shivering in spite of fur coats
For a March wind was blowing - but bravely and clearly
The bluebirds sang on 'Oh! we love the Springs dearly
And we'll not mind the chill
But we'll warble and trill
For she'll come very soon with the first daffodil'
And so they've kept cheering me day after day
For I feared that the Spring had forgotten her way
But at sunrise such melody rose on the air
That I flew to my window and lo! she was there
She had come with the showers
Through the quiet night hours
And each pussie was changed to a cluster of flowers.
Harriet C. Shaw

EYES OPEN OR SHUT.

Two boys one morning took a walk with a naturalist. "Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other has nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist.

"The one you thought a do-nothing had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. They then paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials." And then on the strength of this interesting incident, he gives this good advice: Boys, cultivate the faculty of observation. Hear sharply—look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. Open your eyes wider when you stroll across the meadow. There are ten thousand interesting things to be seen. Animals, birds, plants and insects, with their habits, intelligence and peculiarities will command your admiration. You may not become great men through your observations, like Newton, Linnæus, Franklin, or Sir Humphrey Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser and quite probably better."—*F. H. Stauffer.*

PLEASURE IN GIVING.

The three Carey sisters were objects of envy in the school. Each of them had a somewhat large allowance of money, which was intended to cover her personal expenses. It was the first year in which the allowance had been made, and at the close each of the girls found herself with a little sum in hand.

"We can do what we please with it!" exclaimed May. She ran for her hat, and hurrying to the candy-shop, laid in a supply of dainty confections with which she treated all the girls in school.

Jane said nothing, but she spent no money in candy. A day or two later a quaint old Japanese bronze appeared on her desk.

"What are you going to do with your spare money?" she asked of Sophy, the youngest of the sisters.

Sophy grew red, but did not answer. May laughed.

"Sophy has an ambition to do good in the world," she said. "She intends to spend her money for a half-dozen instructive books, which she is going to lend to the poor boys in the alley."

"If I could make them good men it would be better than candy or bric-a-brac," said Sophy, earnestly.

She bought the books, gave them to the boys, and went to their homes several times to explain and talk to them about the stories and pictures. One day, when the sisters were together, Jane asked:

"What became of the books, Sophy?"

Sophy shook her head. "The boys tired of them in a week, and took no notice of them afterward."

"I have my bronze still," said Jane, triumphantly. "It is a pleasure to me whenever I see it. Your candy did not last long," she said to Jane, significantly.

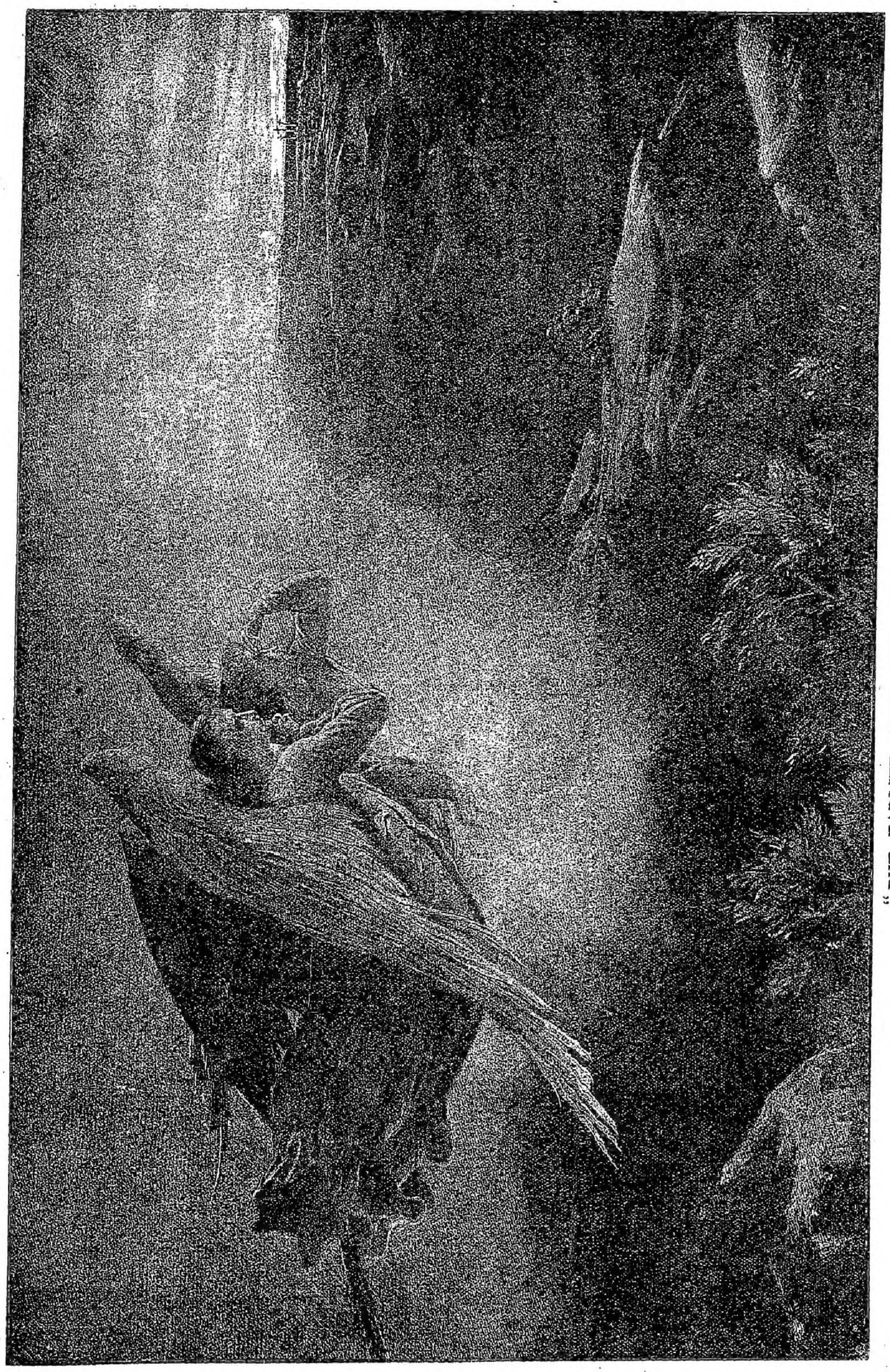
"It made us all happy while it did last," said May, laughing.

Sophy sat thinking when she was left alone. Her little effort seemed to have been wasted. The good books had made the boys no better. It had been useless as water spilled upon the ground. Why not buy candy next month with her spare money; or a pretty bronze?

And yet—

She loved those bad little fellows so much since she had tried to help them! And they ran after her now to speak to her—to shake hands!

Her color rose, and the tears came into her eyes. "I will keep on my own way. I like it better than bronzes or candy," she whispered to herself.—*Companion.*



"BUT EARLIER STILL THE ANGEL SPED."

EASTER MORNING.

The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
The Lord of all things lives anew
And all his works are rising too.

There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom
And dew was white and pearly,
With loving, but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find.

But earlier still the angel sped,
His words sweet comfort giving;
"And why," he said, "among the dead,
Thus seek ye for the living?
The risen Jesus lives again,
To save the souls of sinful men."

The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
The Lord is risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.

CHOOSING TIME.

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Scammon started in the morning. She took her luncheon with her, and was to return in the late afternoon. Meantime Marion, while doing her daily tasks, was trying to think—no, I believe she was trying not to think—what life would seem when this bright presence, from the far off outside world of grace and culture and taste, would have banished.

The November winds would wail, the long, lonesome winter would close in, round the lonesome house at the foot of the hill, and she and her mother would be alone there again—the same, yet never quite the same, as before the stranger guest had come and gone.

In the afternoon, when her work was done, she took her station at a window which commanded a full view of Sunshine Summit, armed with Mrs. Scammon's field-glass, which she was permitted to use. After a while her keen, searching eyes saw the graceful figure making its way downward, and watching it from step to step. Suddenly she cried,

"Mother, she has fallen! Come!"

Fear lent strength to Mrs. Grey; and the two sped on to the place where Mrs. Scammon had come to grief. She had had a lovely day, she said, had slipped in coming down, and sprained her ankle, but if Marion would be staff for her on that side, she should get home easily.

"It was so like you to see me," she said, smiling into Marion's face—"you, with those eyes that see everything."

Then came some weeks of confinement in those pleasant rooms—a confinement which Marion shared, whenever she had freedom from household tasks. But when October came Mrs. Scammon's ankle was strong again, and the day was set for her departure.

Marion was brightening the fire with pine cones, and drawing the crimson curtains before the windows to shut out the importunate wind, when Mrs. Scammon said: "Marion, sit down please. I have something to say to you."

Marion took a stool at Mrs. Scammon's feet.

"I have become strongly attached to you, Marion," the lady went on. "I had begun to think of asking you to come to me, before the day of my accident. In fact, I went to the Summit to think it all out, quite as much as to see the view. I have seen still more of you during these past weeks; and now I have no doubt." She paused a moment, and then went on: "I am quite alone in the world. If you will come and share my life, I will give you every advantage. You have what people call genius; but genius is nothing without study, and the opportunity to study. If you come to me, we will pass this winter in Rome. You shall 'see visions and dream dreams.' I can give you all your mind craves—"

"And I can give you nothing," Marion answered, quietly.

"Yes, you can give me what you have given me already—love, and the elements of youth in my life; the pleasure of companionship; the interest of watching your career; and—I want you."

"My mother!" The girl seemed hardly aware that she spoke, for the words were hardly more than a whisper.

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Scammon said, gently. "She will miss you; but you would have to leave her if you married. She will be your mother always, and you will come back to see her often. Do not answer me to-night. Think of it all. Think what you owe to art—for I truly believe you were meant to be an artist—what you owe to yourself, and whether even your mother would not rather you should have wings to fly with than nestle forever under her eaves."

Marion took the white hand and held it a moment silently to her lips.

She went down stairs, and found her mother sitting before the fire in the tidy kitchen. Marion looked at the poor little woman in her black gown, with her sad, shy eyes, and her folded, work-hardened hands, and, moved by a sudden impulse, went and kissed her. Then she said good-night, and went again upstairs, to her own chamber under the eaves.

Scarcely was she settled there when Mrs. Scammon went down to the kitchen in her turn, and unfolded to the mother all her plans for Marion. She dwelt on the shining gifts which were sure to make for the girl a high and honorable place in the world, if only they could be cultivated—on her own affection for her, and her power to supply all her wants. Finally, she said:

"If Marion married, Mrs. Grey, she would leave you, and only come to visit you, as she will come, if she goes with me. It is but anticipating things a little, for the girl's own good."

"Thank you; thank you kindly," Mrs. Grey answered; but a dazed look was in her eyes, and her voice trembled. Mrs. Scammon saw it was kindest to go away and leave her to work out the problem alone, with her strong heart and her feeble mind.

For Marion, indeed, "choosing time" had come. It comes for all of us, at some time in our lives. Sooner or later we stand at some place where the road divides, and all heaven watches to see which path we take.

Hour after hour the girl lay and thought. Not every one knows how strong a true artistic instinct is—how desperately the painter loves his picture, the sculptor his statue, the poet his poem. Marion knew. Mrs. Scammon had spoken of Rome; and Marion had read of those old, gray ruins over which the blue Roman sky arches: of the stately halls in the Vatican, and museums and palaces, where immortal pictures hang, and where statues gleam in their white beauty.

It was in her power to see it all—now—this very winter; and if not now, then never! Her heart beat so that it seemed to her she could hear nothing but the noise it made. Rome—ruins—pictures—statues—she fairly gasped for breath. Then suddenly she cried out, a strong cry—"O Father, Father in heaven!"—just that and no more. She hardly knew whether she was crying to the father she had known on earth, or to that Father of All, eternal in the heavens. She was only aware of a great need for help and guidance.

The winds that had been going mad about the house were hushed, and the October moon, whose face the clouds had been hiding, looked down into her window, out of a clear sky—and now her own soul was clear, too, and filled with light; and she knew, beyond a doubt, which path to take. She turned on her side and slept.

In the early morning Jane Grey stole upstairs, and stood in her daughter's room.

"I have been thinking all night, dear," she said, "and I have come to tell you to go. I see that it is best for you, and I shall be proud of you, and that will comfort me."

Marion sprang from her bed, with her bright, morning smile, and kissed her mother.

"It was not 'choosing time' for you, mother dear. It was for me: and I will tell you, by-and-by, how I have chosen. You must not mind if I tell Mrs. Scammon first."

Poor Mrs. Grey went away with just a touch of heartache. It never occurred to her that Marion could have made any choice but one; and she was too unselfish to repine—but oh, if the child's face had not been quite so bright!

"You are sure you will never regret your choice?" Mrs. Scammon said to her two hours later.

"No, I shall not regret it—for I know it is right. Don't think I did not care. I longed so to go with you! But, don't you see, I couldn't leave mother? With his last breath father told me to take care of her. You do not need me, and the world will do very well without me to paint its pictures. But mother has only me. If father were here still, I could have gone; but I cannot go and leave her all alone."

In three days more Mrs. Scammon was far away. She had left, as a parting gift to Marion, many books and photographs, and she sent others when she reached Boston. Then they heard of her as gone to Europe, accompanied by her young cousin; and after that there was utter silence from the world without, and Marion and her mother settled back into the old life. Only it was not quite the old life, for a door had been opened out of it into the great world, and closed again.

Marion watched her mother, as the winter went on, with a more and more anxious tenderness; for it seemed to her that the pale little woman grew constantly paler and frailer. Not a day passed in which she did not say to herself, "Thank God that I am here to watch over her and care for her, instead of far away!"

At last the winds of March stormed through the valleys and shook the old house at the foot of Sunshine Summit. One morning the mother woke with a look upon her face as if she had dreamed a wonderful dream. Her first movement awakened Marion, who slept beside her. She leaned over her mother to hear what she was saying.

It was only a line from one of the books of poems Mrs. Scammon had left behind her:

"All in the wild March morning
I heard them call my soul—"

and then a smile of recollection broke over her poor, pale face as she met Marion's eyes, and she said: "Good child, dear child! You have taken the best care of me, but you must not mind if I am glad to go to father."

Almost with the words upon her lips she was gone. Her hold upon life had been so frail that to loosen it cost little struggle. Marion dared not grieve, even in her loneliness, for the smile on her dead face was of such joy and peace. She knelt beside the bed and cried:

"O Father in Heaven, I thank thee that I chose aright, that I was here and not elsewhere."—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in Youth's Companion.*

THE CRUCIFIXION.

City of God! Jerusalem,
Why rushes out thy living stream?
The turban'd priest, the holy seer,
The Roman in his pride, are there!
And thousands, tens of thousands, still
Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,
There rush the bridegroom and the bride:
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
The old, the young, the bond, the free;
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn—from height to height
Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
And glorious in their central shower
Palace of holiness and power,
The temple on Moriah's brow
Looks a new risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale!
Against them shall come forth a wail;
And woe to bridegroom and to bride!
For death shall on the whirlwind ride;
And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,
The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done!
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep;
They see destruction's funeral pall,
Black'ning o'er Zion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies' roar;
They see in Zion's halls of state
The sign that maketh desolate—
The idol standard—Pagan spear,
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall; the chain,
The long, long ago of guilt and pain;
The exile's thousand desperate years:
The more than groans, the more than tears,
Jerusalem a vanished name,
Her tribes earth's warning, scoff and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood:
But in the murderer's furious van
Who totters on? A weary man;
A cross upon his shoulders bound—
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary.
What slave upon that hill must die?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbrued,
Must be the mountain vulture's food?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name;
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting,
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned King.

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned;
No vengeance flashes from the eye;
The sufferer calmly waits to die;
The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,
Make on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven;
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee!
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee!
The cross is reared. The deed is done;
There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

This was the earth's consummate hour;
For this had blazed the prophet's power;
For this had swept the conqueror's sword,
Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored;
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness—earth itself a dream;
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid
Sublime, when sun and star shall fade;
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hung on thy anguish—King of Kings!

Still from his lips no curse has come;
His lofty eye has looked no doom;
No earthquake burst, no angel brand,
Scatters the black blaspheming band;
What say those lips, by anguish riven?
"God, be my murders forgiven!"

He dies! in whose high victory
The slayer, death himself, shall die.
He dies! by whose all-conquering tread
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,
The God and tempter of this world.

He dies! Creation's awful Lord.
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word!
To come in thunder from the skies;
To bid the buried world arise;
The Earth his footstool; Heaven his throne:
Redeemer! may thy will be done.

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